



# The Toike Oike

Volume XCVI - Issue IV, 2002 Est. 1911

Same Great Taste | Mème Goût Super Chouette, Monsieur!

## U of T Admits Two-Year Old Toddler Into Competitive Life Sciences Program

**Amazing Child Fast-Track to Beat The Double Cohort**

U of T (TOIKE) - IT'S A BOY! U OF T'S RECENT admittance of Jonathan Littlefield, 27 months, makes him the youngest and shortest student ever to enrol at U of T.

Parents of the child, Al and Dianne Littlefield, have been helping the little toddler fast-track rigorously over the past two years in order for him to beat the dreaded double cohort nest fall.

"We wanted to make sure Jonathan didn't miss out on the U of T experience what with all the increase in applicants they are expecting in the future," explained Dianne Littlefield, mother of the young boy. "Fast-tracking Jonathan through school was our best option. We stand by it."

The child, two-year old Littlefield, is currently enrolled in the Life Sciences program. He is residing at Victoria College's Rowell Jackman Hall, where he is the only student not yet tall enough to reach the building's swipe-card slot.

Regardless, Littlefield has been a real success with the female students at RJ, and his resident Don, Tanya Campbell, has given him the nickname "The Lady's Tot."

"Johnny is such a little cutie. His innocence drives me wild," says Christine Luongo, 19, an RJ resident and visual arts major that lives across the hall from Littlefield. "Every day he waddles across the hall, knocks on my door, and gives me these adorable avant-garde finger paintings he makes



ABOVE: The amazing toddler causing a disaster in chemistry lab

for me. I have them all up on my fridge."

**Littlefield has been a real success with the female students at RJ, and his resident Don, Tanya Campbell, has given him the nickname "The Lady's Tot."**

On the other hand, suitemate Jake Morrow, 20, who shares a room with Jonathan, isn't so impressed by the young diaper-wearing artist: "I told him at the beginning of the year that I

had a thing for Christine and he should back off, but so far she's been all over him and he hasn't made any effort to stop her."

Added Morrow: "That little bastard is ruining my chances of scoring."

Morrow also complained about Littlefield's irritating habit of jumping on the bed late at night and pelting him with his Pokemon toys. "It's really hard to sleep under these conditions," stressed the jealous roommate.

During Frosh Week, in an attempt to embarrass the two-year-old

**See Fast-Track Toddler on page 9**

## Machismo Exhibited by Eating Hot Sauce

EAST YORK (TOIKE) - LOCAL STUDENT JEFF Saunders impressed friends at an East-End Mr. Sub by asking for hot sauce on his sandwich, sources reported yesterday. "He was like, 'No man, throw some hot sauce on there too' to the dude behind the counter," friend Eric Sherman said. "He's crazy, man. Jeff's just that kind of guy."

Saunders reportedly returned the sandwich after discovering that there weren't any Jalepenos.

Added Sherman: "Ya, he bit into the sub and was like 'what the hell! Where are the Jalepenos?' as if just red peppers weren't enough. Insane."

Cindy Shaeffer, who was at the Eglinton Ave. and Laird St. Mr. Sub, had this to say about Saunders' love of hot sauce: "I think he goes a little overboard sometimes. I gave him a bite of my chicken caesar sub, because he said he'd never tried it, and I warned him that it was hot. He got this strange grin on his face, as if I'd just told him that there were leprechauns hiding under the lettuce or something. After he ate it he said 'You call that hot?' and started to laugh. Then he's like, 'You should try this sucker. You'd probably have a heart attack! Whatever, Jeff.'"

**See Hot Sauce on page 9**

## JESUS NOT LOOKING FORWARD TO 2001<sup>ST</sup> BIRTHDAY

BETHLEHEM (TOIKE) - ACCORDING TO CLOSE family and friends, Jesus Christ is not looking forward to his 2001<sup>st</sup> birthday this Christmas.

"I used to like my birthdays," says the Son of God, "but lately it's been a bit of a drag." Despite millions of celebrations taking place this December 24<sup>th</sup> in his honour, and countless faithful Christians around the world ready to rejoice on the date of his birth, the Saviour remains unmoved.

The last few birthdays haven't been great for Jesus. "I got a lot of socks. People don't seem to realize that I don't wear socks. I'm really more of a sandals guy. I mean, a new pair of Birkenstocks wouldn't hurt." Over the last 1000 years alone, He estimates that He has received over 24,000 pairs of socks.

The Messiah has been receiving the same presents every year from the Three Wise Men. "I don't mind the gold," says J.C., "but I really don't know what to do with all this myrrh."

Christ has also complained about getting only one present for two major gift giving holidays, Christmas and his birthday. "It's like I'm losing out on half the presents," the Son comments, "but maybe this year Father will finally get me that X-BOX. Sure, all I really want is peace on earth, but an X-BOX would be nice."

"Love thy neighbor," adds the redeemer of humanity.

The Son of God's dimming spirits about his birthday also result from fear of aging, some speculate.

"People tell me I don't look a day over 32, but I think they are just telling me what I want to hear. I mean, you know how they are. I don't even know if I can fit into my old raiment anymore." Jesus says,

**See Turning the big two-oh-oh-one on page 4**

## Most Common Methods of Transportation by Annual Income

Toike Stats

\$0 - 499	Feet
\$500 - 2999	Bicycle
\$3000 - 69 999	Car
\$70 000 - 119 999	Hummer
\$120 000 - 299 999	Limo
\$300 000 - 449 999	Jet Plane
\$450 000 - 999 999	Diamond-encrusted Feet
\$1 000 000 - 2 499 999	Personal Jet Plane
\$2 500 000 and up	Personal Diamond-encrusted Jet Plane



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## EDITORIAL: The Sins of The Father (WARNING: Not Funny)

We've received a lot of feedback from the U of T community concerning our last issue (Toike #3), a parody of the September 24 Varsity that featured a front-page photo of topless Naked News reporter Lily Kwan. Most of the comments were very positive: people enjoyed our absurd parody of both the Varsity's sensationalisation of nudity, and the reactions of other campus newspapers to the article. If you haven't seen it yet, you can get a digital copy from our website (<http://toike.skule.ca/>).

We've also received a small amount of criticism, which we wanted to address publicly. The objections can be condensed into two main categories:

1. It's inherently wrong to print naked female breasts, and
2. It's inherently sexist for The Toike Oike to print naked female breasts.

People who hold viewpoint #1 may be unfamiliar with Ontario law in this area. In a 1996 Ontario Court of Appeals decision, a panel of three judges wrote, "[t]here is nothing degrading or dehumanizing" about female toplessness. So according to this province's highest court, we weren't doing anything wrong by printing above-the-waist nudity.

Viewpoint #2 is a question of obscenity, a designation for anything that does not conform to the standards of the community. Our personal opinion is that there is a difference between sexual humour and sexism, and that sexual humour, although perhaps thought-provoking, is not inherently sexist.

Contrary to what some people may think, the Toike staff does not operate in an ivory tower, and the Toike editor does not have free license to print whatever he wants. A review committee, operated by an independent arm of the Engineering Society, examines every issue of the Toike before it is published. Its goal is to ensure that the material in the Toike falls within the community standards of the University of Toronto student body.

Of course, even though N people might not be offended by something, it doesn't mean the (N-1)th person will share their opinion. There are some people who won't be offended by the Toike, regardless of what we print, just as there are some people that will be offended by some aspect of the Toike, regardless of what we print. The review committee assembles a group of people who will represent the interests of their peers. Last month's review was the most well attended in recent memory, and was comprised of equal numbers of men and women from several faculties. They asked us to make a small number of changes to the issue, but nobody had problems with the nudity.

However, some members of the faculty's administration are not willing to judge each issue of the Toike on its own merits. One person likened Toike #3 to issues from the 1970's, saying we were undermining thirty years of work towards gender equality in engineering. Another stated that had the nudity been printed in any paper other than the Toike, it would not have been a problem. It was the history of sexism of both this paper and this faculty that somehow made it wrong.

Our position is that we should not have to answer to the institutional memory of our faculty, and we should not be held accountable for material that was published before any of us was even born. This Toike staff has no intention of turning the clock back to a time when articles that made light of rape and abortion, or that poked fun at minorities, immigrants, and gays, constituted acceptable material.

Thanks to the hard work of many individuals, our society has made a lot of progress towards freedom from discrimination based on racial, ethnic, and gender lines, and the Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering is no exception.

We are not the ones who ran this show thirty years ago. The Sins of the Father should not form the basis for judgments against his children.

Mark Jaggassar  
Editor-in-chief

Sebastian Kun  
Copy Editor/Photographer

N.B. Our readers will notice there is no nudity in this month's Toike, even though it has 50% more pages than our previous issue. We're not in the business of printing gratuitous nudity, and we feel that our point has been made.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

*We were pleasantly surprised this month to discover our inbox chock full with e-mail letters to the Editor. Yes, these are all real letters (via e-mail)!*

Question about this year's toikes:

what's up with the blatant stealing of ideas from the Onion?? I mean come on, "Ask a..." "point, counter-point" are exact ripoffs. Even that article on the Sims from the last issue which referred to an "actual reality" system, completely copies an onion idea, even the title is the same...

I mean, it's not like I work for the Onion or anything, but come on guys, you have to show some respect where it's due.

A.A.

Thank you for your input concerning the content of the Toike. Please refer to page 5 for this month's Point-Counterpoint.

## The Toike Oike

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The Toike Oike is the only humour-ish newspaper on the University of Toronto campus. Our mandate is clear: to create the best breed of genetically enhanced writer monkeys. Our staff is dedicated to creating a delicate mélange of groin-grabbing humour and delectable sophistication. The Toike is a collaborative effort that does not discriminate based on minor, major, specialty, or hair-style.

### DISCLAIMER

The opinions expressed in this paper do not necessarily represent those of the University of Toronto Engineering Society. Any words, including names and places, that you see in the Toike are completely made up by the Toike staff. For example, if you see the word, "carrier-pigeon" in the Toike, that is because we invented the word, "carrier-pigeon". It is our word now; if you use it, we will sue you. Batteries Not Included.



### Letters to the Editor (continued)

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[akamkam@excite.com](mailto:akamkam@excite.com)

Dear akamkam, thanks for your interest in the sexual well-being of this paper. However, the Toike is quite satisfied with its current sex-life. During lonely times, it has spent some time on the Internet searching for porn. However, finding sites that show graphic pictures of other scantily clad newspapers is becoming increasingly difficult. If you happen to know of any such free sites, please e-mail [toike@skule.ca](mailto:toike@skule.ca).

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Well Jjoseph81@msn.com, just what exactly are you insinuating? Are you implying something based on the fact that the Toike just bought itself a brand new candy apple red Ferrari? Screw you. And your website sucks. You should talk to my friend akamkam@excite.com about web-development.

## What would you ask Santa for this Christmas?



André & Léon  
(Commerce & Anthro)

A: "I want a GameCube."  
L: "Yo guy, you should ask for MUSCLES"  
A: "Yo momma!"



Katie  
(Chem Eng 1T7)

"Mommy says not to talk to strangers."



Lily  
(Life Sci)

"I want him to take me back."  
"Take you back where?"  
"Uhm, take me back in time."



## DOCTORS SAY NELLY'S WOUND WOULD HEAL FASTER IF HE STOPPED PICKING AT IT SO MUCH

NEW YORK — A team of specialists, who were hired by Nelly's manager to inspect the cut he has carried under his left eye for more than a year now, say that the wound would finally heal if the bad boy of Rap "stopped fucking picking at the damn thing so much." Nelly admitted to reporters that he has a bad habit of scrapping off his scabs because he likes the "whack" way it feels underneath, and that it inspires his music just as much as hot women do. The doctors also pointed out the fact that his use of a piece of white sticky tape instead of a band-aid isn't helping his case all that much either.



Above: Bad boy of rap, Nelly.

## STUDENT FINDS MONTH OLD BANANA AT BOTTOM OF BACKPACK

ROBERTS - U of T student Brian Gabelman, 21, was surprised to find a month old banana that he had completely forgotten about at the bottom of his Nike backpack on Tuesday afternoon. The banana was in astonishingly good condition, considering the amount of time it had spent cooked up underneath his textbooks, and Gabelman even attempted to eat the squishy

remains but eventually settled for incorporating it into a banana bread loaf. According to Gabelman, this is not the first time he has forgotten a food item in his backpack. Last May, during his yearly spring cleaning, he found a year-old peanut butter sandwich that was so mouldy, it looked like an avocado. There is still no word on how the banana bread turned out.

## "SANTA" PHONEY EXPOSED

CEDARBRAE MALL - Billy McCabe, turning 5 in December, did his community a favour when he pulled a fake beard off the impostor, who was sitting in the real Santa's throne at the Food Court of Cedarbrae Mall yesterday. Shoppers gasped, and police were called to escort the phoney away. "It's a good thing we caught this guy," remarked Officer Bradley, who made the arrest on impersonation and fraud charges. "How dare he pretend to be Santa, and deceive all these innocent kids. What kind of sick bastard would do something like that?" He added that the real Santa would be pleased with this arrest, and that he would probably get something good this year for his efforts.

## "SECURITY" T-SHIRTS MISLEADING

TORONTO - On November 9<sup>th</sup>, an unidentified man was spotted wearing a T-shirt that read "SECURITY" at a Queen St. West rock club, though it was later revealed that the person has not ever been employed for security purposes by the Horseshoe Tavern. This is just one reported incident in a long line of security impersonations. Three months ago, local resident Sara Gilmour asked someone wearing one of these shirts where the bathroom was, but they didn't know. "That's what made me think something was wrong. How can a security guard at a bar not know where the bathroom is?"



Professor Biehr Tarandus spoke on the specifics of the case. "Unlike birds, whose waste matter is mostly liquid in nature, reindeer droppings usually come in solid form," he said. "This leads to a number of problems. Santa's normal cruising altitude is approximately 7,000 metres. At that height, reindeer shit freezes into a blob with the consistency of a cinder block. Due to the aerodynamic nature of most fecal matter, these turds could reach speeds of up to 1500 kph. With all the carrots and apples these things were eating, they were each shitting like 30 or 40 times a night. I'm surprised no one was hurt." As of yet, there have been no corroborated reports of reindeer bomb related injuries;

however, the damage was still done. One of the plaintiffs in the case, Mrs. Maria Germanne of Victoria BC, who spoke to the press on condition of anonymity, had this to say: "When that thing came through the roof, I thought the world was coming to an end. It blasted clean through the house and into the basement, where it burst into flames and exploded all over the fucking place. It's been almost two years, and I still haven't been able to get the smell out. I'm glad someone finally had the courage to speak out about it." That someone was Ed Gooberman, who held a press conference immediately after the settlement was announced. "I must've lived in a high-traffic area or something, because these things were pelting my house at least ten times every Christmas. I wasn't going to do anything, him being Santa and all, I mean my kids would have killed me if I'd picked off a few

to see if there were any more people like me out there. I was amazed at the response—I had something like 5,000 hits the very first week. The stories people posted about how their lives were ruined touched me deeply. Which is why I decided to stick it to the old fucker, and launch the class-action suit."

Speaking through his lawyers, Mr. Claus released a statement late last night. "I see you when you're sleeping, Ed Gooberman. I know when you're awake. And one of these days I'm coming down your chimney, and those black lumps in your stocking won't just be coal."

His trial on 17 pimping-related charges is scheduled to go to court early next year.



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## SQUASH GAME PLAYED WITH 'DICK-OUT' RULE

Hart House (TOIKE) - A game of squash between two U of T professors turned extremely unsafe last Saturday morning when Prof. Stewarts, 39, failed to hit his serve over the women's line and was forced by his playing partner, Prof. Richards, 41, to finish the game with his dick hanging out of his shorts. "My playing strategy became a lot more conservative at that point," remarked Stewarts, "I had to give up on my patented belly dive back-hand smash for the remainder of the game." Hart House staff commented that, though eye goggles are mandatory, they have no objection to persons playing with their dicks hanging out of

their shorts. "It's a Massey family rule," explained one staff member, "and we never break any of those here at Hart House."



ABOVE: Stewarts (left), dick hanging out (not shown).

# Santa Settles Lawsuit Over Reindeer Waste Drops

THE HAGUE, NETHERLANDS (AP) - After nearly a year of posturing, negotiations, and childish name-calling, the so-called "reindeer bombs" class-action suit has been settled.

Exact figures were unavailable at press time, but legal experts estimate that Jolly Ol' St. Nick had to put up somewhere between \$5-11 billion, a loss that great could lead to serious elf downsizing.

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## Stranger in a Strange Land

### AN AMERICAN IN CANADA

by Annie Unnold

AS AN EX-AMERICAN WHO HAS RECENTLY BEEN planted in the heart of Canada's capital city, Toronto, via my enrolment at the U of T, I thought it only fair that I make an effort to adapt to the exotic land that is Canada. I could not simply expect its residents to accommodate my needs as a disoriented foreigner.

Thus, I sat down at my computer, seeking to inform myself about the customs and rituals of this great land. Not only did I learn the names of all of Canada's states, I also brushed up on my knowledge of Canada's distinguished President, one mister Jean Chretien. Although I am still confused about why he is French and not Canadian, he seems like a good guy, so I'm willing to let it slide.

Looking around my residence, there seem to be more and more Americans coming to the University of Toronto each year (WE'RE TAKING OVER! SAVE THE

WOMEN AND CHILDREN!). In any case, I thought it was my duty to impart upon fellow American immigrants the knowledge gained from my experiences thus far. If you are Canadian (and you probably are, unless you are reading this after the invasion), stop reading now, for this advice will have no bearing on your well-being.

To start with, I've found that snickering and mumbling "How quaint" every time my roommate, classmates, or (preferably) professors say "sorry," "house," "about," or "again" has been very successful. So far I have been loved for my devilish American gumption. On that rare occasion that "eh" is actually uttered, say nothing, because this is a precious moment, and one that should be respected by silence. I've tried taking pictures, but it somehow does not capture the majesty of the occasion.

Furthermore, there is a tendency for Canadians to use the wrong words for common things. Don't get confused if everyone uses the word "Pop" instead of "Soda". However, if the timing is appropriate (and it always is) say "Hey, 1950 called. It wants its word back." The person who is the butt of this joke will surely be charmed, and not offended. Also, "Zed" equals the letter "Z", so if your professor happens to say it, I encourage you not to yell, "What the fuck does 'Zed' mean?" Trial by fire on that one kids!

Sometimes, people ask you where you're from when they first meet you. I like to respond to this query by referring to the States as "The Old Country." I suggest doing so whenever you speak of America. Furthermore, I've taken to removing my hat, placing it over my heart, and weeping every time there is a mention of our homeland. This requires wearing a hat at all times. Your local chapeau vendor will be pleased.

Also, I've at times found myself a little intimidated when surrounded by so many people who are not of the same ilk as I. But remember, when the fellow in your politics class talks about the U.S. using such hilarious phrases as "Bastard Yankee imperialist regime," he is only trying to make you feel at home by way of a friendly, old-fashioned barb about the "Old Country." Don't forget to take off that hat!

Another little difference that will take some getting used to is the money here in Canada. At first, I had a hard time accepting the fact that all this pink and purple paper was actual currency. But I'll warn you ahead of time: IT IS NOT MONOPOLY MONEY! So, don't rip it up or use it as toilet paper, even if a twenty dollar bill is only worth about ten cents back home.

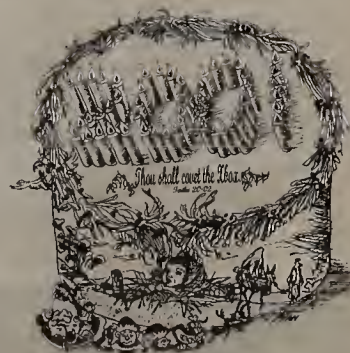
This exploration of Canadian culture has truly brought me to a place where I am comfortable being an immigrant among so many who are unlike myself. I am certain that too with my pointers firmly planted in your skull, you too will feel that warm maple-scented glow envelope you in no time. Not only will you stay true to your "Bastard Yankee" roots, you will finally have assimilated yourself to the only other North American Country that really matters. Sorry, Mexico!

**I also brushed up on my knowledge of Canada's distinguished President, one mister Jean Chretien.**

### TURNING THE BIG TWO OH-OH-ONE continued from page 1

"Wow, I still can't believe I already turned the big two-oh-oh-oh. That's a big milestone in a man's life," continues Christ, "Time just flies by, sometimes I have to stop myself from saying I'm still 1500 when I'm answering one of those surveys."

"Thou shalt not lie," emphasizes Christ. "I remember turning 1000. My friends threw me this big party. It was great, they made this huge cake and wrote 1-0-0-0 on it with icing and everything," the savior of mankind remembers fondly, "but I don't want anyone to make a big deal out of it anymore. It's just a huge hassle on everyone." Jesus repeats that he doesn't secretly wish for a big surprise party. "I know a lot has happened these last couple of years. I mean, I'm super busy answering prayers. I know Father is too. I don't expect anything big, like my favorite choir singing on my birthday or anything like that. Especially with the way the economy is and everything."



This is becoming a difficult time for his friends and family too. "This is supposed to be the merriest time of the year. It's just such a downer that Jesus isn't all hyped up about the whole thing. Like, what's up with that? It's all for him," reports one friend. "To be honest, we don't even do much for his birthdays anymore because he mopes around so much about it. I was thinking about throwing him a party this year with that choir he likes, but he probably won't even enjoy it, so I scrapped the idea."

When interviewed, the birthday boy's proud mother, Mary, told reporters: "He's going to love his present this year. I don't want to spoil the surprise, but it will definitely add to his favorite and biggest collection."

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## Ben Spigel's Magical Hanukkah Extravaganza



WHEN YOU'RE A KID, THERE IS NOTHING better than Christmas Season. Joy is in the air. It's the time of presents, family get-togethers, presents, the whole Jesus being born thing, egg-nog, and presents. I mentioned presents, right? They're vitally important to the Christmas cheer.

And let's not forget all those great Christmas specials on TV. You know the ones, where Zack and Slater learn the true meaning of Christmas when they're stuck in a meat locker together. And how every year we're reminded of how we're just so, so, much better than Charlie Brown.

Well, except for us Jews. We get none of these cool TV specials. Well, we got one, the Rugrats Hanukkah special, which taught us that everyone and anyone old and funny sounding must be Jewish, and that it's never, ever Hanukkah without potato latkes.

Ohhhh, we get none of this Christmas spirit. We don't even get a tree. Can you believe that? There are all these cool ornaments out there; I mean, what better way to show my affiliation to that nation of intelligence on TV, CHiPs, than with an official Officer Webster Christmas Tree ornament. I suppose I could hang it on my doorknob or something, but that just defeats the purpose of a Christmas Tree Ornament.

What I hated most about this Christmas season thing when I was young was explaining what Hanukkah is to all my classmates. See, back in my elementary school days, I was the only Jew in class. So that meant every year I

got the intense joy of explaining to my classmates that no, Hanukkah wasn't some kind of crazy foreign Christmas, and that no, we didn't have a tree, a bush or even an alce plant.

And then the magical time when I got to explain the true meaning of Hanukkah. When I was young, I actually told people what it was, the Jews celebrating that a light burned for 8 days on a thimble of oil. But as time progressed and my cynicism became terminal, my explanation revolved around Vincent Van Gogh and the Illuminati. I forget the details, but it was a hell of a lot more entertaining than the "traditional" explanation of the holiday.

If you really want to know the truth, all of Hanukkah is just a conspiracy. But not one of those interesting vast conspiracies that you read about in the newspapers, but a vast conspiracy to save money via Christmas sales. See, normally we would give presents in the late spring, but there are none of these great "75% off everything" sales at Canadian Tire. This is what you learn when you're Bar-Mitzva-ed; pathetic, isn't it? See, by ourselves, Jews could never get as many sales as Christmas creates. So, by getting gifts during the Christmas season, we save tons of money.

And now that you know the terrible truth behind Hanukkah, I suppose I'll have to kill you. Or maybe I'll wait until I tell you the terrible secret behind matzo ball soup (the secret ingredient is evil, ya know, just like veal cutlets).

## Point - Counterpoint

Hey, these Point-Counterpoints are just like the ones in The Onion! *vs.*  
by Jane Curtin

I came across some Point-Counterpoints on the popular online humour magazine, The Onion [http://www.theonion.com/], and couldn't help but notice that the Toke's PCP feature is exactly the same. How can an author who claims to have creative integrity debase his or her craft in this manner?

It is the mark of a true artiste to come up with new and genuine material. Perhaps your writing staff needs a lesson in how to write original articles, instead of just ripping everything off. True humour must come from within.

For example, I was at the deli yesterday, and the guy totally mixed up my order! It was so funny! You should write an article about that. See, I came up with that all on my own.

Come on guys, you have to show some respect where it's due.

by Vladimir the Pimp

Jane, you ignorant slut.\*  
by Dan Akroyd

Jane, you poor, misguided scrag. Point-Counterpoint has been a popular form of editorial since the Onion was still swimming around in its daddy's pants. It's rather presumptuous of you to assume that the Onion invented Point-Counterpoint, or even that they were the first to put a humorous spin on the format.

But of course you wouldn't know that, you bagged-out, dried-up slunken piece of rotting meat. Every artist is a cannibal, every poet is a thief. But I'm sure you've never heard that lyric, have you Jane, you parading, glorified, back-seat driver?

Why can't you just be content that someone took the time to put together a well-crafted Point-Counterpoint written within a university context? Because Jane, that's something you won't find in The Onion. Or even on Saturday Night Live. But maybe in The Independent.

\*[Ed: If you don't get this reference, check out some late 70's Saturday Night Live Weekend Update with Dan Akroyd and Jane Curtin: <http://snltranscripts.jt.org/78/78oupdate.phtml>]

**My First Laptop**

Now with wireless network card, browse the web in privacy, away from prying eyes. \*

\* Access to website shown on screen not included

**Fisher-Price**

Just for  
**KIDS**

## WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

CAN YOU SPOT THE 4 DIFFERENCES BETWEEN PICTURE A AND PICTURE B?

Answer Below (no peeking)



Answer: 1. Pinky Finger Down. 2. Ring Finger Down. 3. Index Finger Down. 4. Thumb Down. Hehehehe In Other Words, we're giving you the finger SUCKA!!!!



# The Big Interview with Santa

THE WORLD HAS OVER 6.5 BILLION PEOPLE, A LARGE PORTION of which believe in Santa Claus, and all his selfless charity. We're talking millions upon millions of children of all ages, all vying for the attention of his greatness. What makes you think Santa's going to remember your face, when you're asking for that new rocket-powered skateboard you've always wanted? You've got to distinguish yourself from the millions of competing greedy bastards if you have even the slightest chance of raking in a good haul this year.

Crucial to this process is the dreaded "Interview with Santa". The only way to get your demands met is through a face to face meeting. Santa is willing to give everyone 5 minutes on his lap, so take advantage of this, and present yourself accordingly. Treat this with the seriousness of a job interview, and your bottom line will increase substantially. Santa is a busy man, and he means business.

Here are some guidelines:

## Prepare, prepare, prepare

You cannot walk into the mall without some previous research on Santa's policies and corporate health. It is likely that Santa will ask you several questions to gauge your level of interest, including but not limited to: "How old are you?", "Have you been a good boy/girl this year?", and his perennial favourite, "What would you like for Christmas?". Other questions about the names of his reindeer, his North Pole manufacturing operations, or milk and cookies are also likely. Prepare a 5-minute answer for all of these questions ahead of time, to save yourself embarrassment at the moment of truth.

## Dress to impress

If you want Santa to take you seriously, you cannot wear track pants and Pokemon t-shirt, like all these other hopeless kids. Business casual is an absolute minimum. Insider tip: Santa really likes red.

## The greet

A firm handshake, and good eye contact are essential to your image as a worthy investment of Santa's time and capital. Be sure to offer your business card, which has your full name, address, and triangulated global position (latitude, longitude, and altitude make it a lot easier for him). Give cards to his elven secretaries as well, as they are the ones who make a lot of the real decisions behind the scenes.

## Distinguish yourself

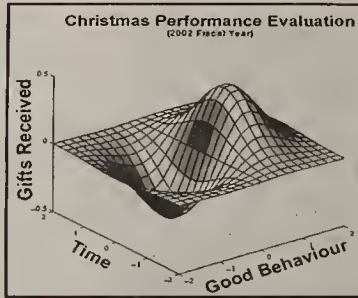
Keep in mind that there are millions of children with your exact name in this world. You want to avoid a mix-up where Robert from Alaska gets your Lamborghini, while you get stuck with his brand-new snowshoes. When you are on Santa's lap, do something unique to distinguish yourself. Creativity is key here, but a few examples include: wetting your pants on his lap, "accidentally" grabbing his ass, or leaving a nude photo of your mom on his chair with your name at the bottom. Santa loves moms, especially yours, and this is an acceptable sacrifice if you really want that Lamborghini.

## Give concrete example

Every single person that sits on Santa's lap says that they are "good", but very few actually provide any proof of this. A simple 3D graph that plots Gifts Received vs. Good Behaviour vs. Time is a good illustration of your case, especially if you make it up to appear as if you have not been rewarded for good behaviour in the past. If Santa sees your side of the story, he is legally obligated to retroactively award you gifts or cash equivalent, with interest, for deficits in previous years.

## The follow-up

After the photograph on Santa's lap, the interview is concluded and you must leave immediately, or face removal by mall security. Don't continue your pitch past this point, as it will get you nowhere. Instead, be sure to send Santa a follow-up letter the next day, reiterating the main points of your interview, and thanking Santa for his time. Be sure to provide a return address once again, in case he has lost it, and don't forget to include another, different, suggestive photo of your mother.



LEFT: Graphs are crucial to getting your point across. In this 3-D plot, you can clearly see a negative trend, implying a deficit of accounts receivable yet to be tendered. This means a windfall of capital gains in Q4.

BELOW: A professionally drafted letter to Santa, written by Toike Staff. Note the concrete examples of good behaviour, following the Situation-Action-Result model.

Nov. 15<sup>th</sup>, 2002

Mr. Santa Claus  
1 North Pole  
Arctic Circle  
HOHO OHO

Dear Mr. Claus:

This letter is a follow-up to our discussion, which was held on your lap, during your special appearance at the Sherway Gardens Mall last Tuesday afternoon. Just to refresh your memory, I was wearing a leather jacket, and was also the only one in the line-up that had any facial hair.

First, I would like to thank you for taking the time to discuss my options regarding this upcoming Christmas. I enjoyed meeting with you, as I do every year, and I would like to express my gratitude in fitting me into your busy schedule.

Now, on to some real business: Though I agree with you that asking for my own car, a 2002 Lamborghini Murciélago, as well as a one-year membership to the Innis underground parking garage does initially seem like a lot to ask for, in retrospect I feel it is quite a fair demand considering all the good deeds I have performed this year:

(1) 2002 marks the first year I have not deliberately tried to kill any of the raccoons who break into my garage night after night, and make a mess of my trash-cans. The two raccoons that died only did so because I accidentally mixed the deadly pieces of my broken mirror into the Thanksgiving turkey leftovers. Honest.

(2) On both occasions when my mom cleaned up my room without permission and threw out all my porno magazines, I did not freak on her as I normally do. My psychiatrist and I have been working on correcting my anger problems, and as a result I have been treating my mother a lot better this year.

(3) I took my little brother to the baseball game to apologize for smashing the family portrait over his head and putting him into one of those funny-looking neck braces. But honestly, he ate my Mars bar and I wasn't going to have any of that, so technically he deserved it.

(4) I swear that wasn't a bird I ran over last week. It was just a bag of feathers. If I was driving a Lamborghini, with its low-body construction and angled front, the bag of feathers would have been deflected back into the air harmlessly, instead of being crushed by the muffler hanging off my '92 Toyota Corolla.

I would also like to add that in addition to all this good behaviour, I have also been keeping up my grades at school and involving myself in some respectable extra-curricular clubs, such as the Toike Oike.

I sincerely hope that an arrangement can be reached over this matter and should you require further assistance in making your final decision I can be reached on my cell phone # (416) 555-9836. I gave one of your elves my business card and it has my email address on it, in case you prefer that mode of communication.

Thank you again for your time and consideration.

Sincerely,

*Laurent Patrick Noonan*

Laurent Patrick Noonan  
Etobicoke, Toronto, Ontario, Canada  
43° 41' N 79° 38' W

PS. Please enjoy the new picture of my mom, attached.



OCD and Consigliieri

## Bad Gifts to Give to Your Prof This Holiday Season.

To help you shop for presents this holiday season, the Toike Oike has created a shortlist of presents that you should NOT give your professor, no matter how good an idea they may seem at first. Don't make the same mistakes we made last year!

**BAD GIFT:** A fluorescent pink thong, bathed in your favourite cologne or perfume.

**WHY IT'S BAD:** Not for his sake, but for yours: Imagine, every lecture of his that you walk into, you will have to ask yourself "Is he wearing my Christmas gift?" This will create disturbing mental images of your prof virtually naked, with his bulging manhood testing the restraint of the garment you foolishly decided to give him for Christmas. Even worse, if you sit in the front row and you smell your cologne or perfume, you will know for sure he is wearing it, and will be forced to run out of the lecture, scarred for life. These kinds of emotional wounds will never, ever heal.

**BAD GIFT:** An interpretive dance routine of one of your prof's lectures, performed by you to the music of Abba, recorded on VHS cassette.

**WHY IT'S BAD:** First of all, since you never pay attention to any of your profs anyway, your interpretation of his lecture is probably way off to begin with. Twisting it into a dance routine will likely muddle the subject even further, proving to him once and for all that you know absolutely nothing about the subject of Applied Fluid Mechanics, or whatever gospel he's preaching. And who uses VHS these days? You run the risk of appearing cheap by giving him your performance on VHS, in this day and age of DVD-ROM burner technology.

**BAD GIFT:** 5 copies of your favourite book *American Psycho*, wrapped in one of your stinky, used gym shirts. Inside each copy of the book you place a novelty Beverly Hills 90210 bookmark, and write "Your Welcome" at the bottom of each page.

**WHY IT'S BAD:** Though it is a great book, and your professor will probably appreciate you sharing your literary interests with him, giving him 5 copies makes little sense. And wrapping it in your gym shirt is also highly unusual. The nice people at Chapters will wrap it for you for a small fee. The bookmark is a nice touch,

but watch out for spelling mistakes in your message. "Your" should be "You're", as in "You are welcome."

**BAD GIFT:** A blank white envelope in which you place the following items: a suggestive polaroid of his sexy daughter, some used Lady Venus razor blades, and a generous fistful of his mother's grey hair. On the back of the envelope you write in felt-tip marker your student number and your GPA from last year accompanied by a mysterious question mark and a picture of a skull with a dagger plunged into its side.

**WHY IT'S BAD:** This is a poor gift because he probably has a lot of pictures of his daughter already. Why don't you get the photograph nicely framed? That way he can always choose to replace it later on. Also, the use of the question mark is a little ambiguous. Are you asking him why you received that GPA last year? Or is this some kind of childish threat that if you don't receive a higher mark this year, you're going to stab a knife into a skull? Clarify.

Happy gift-giving from the Toike staff!



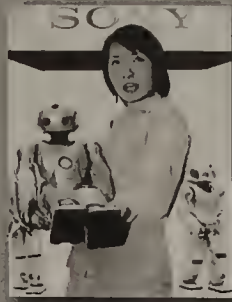
# Then & Now



circo 1950: This cold-war baby is nothing more than a spoiled brot his Christmas in a world gripped with the fear of a nuclear winter.

Seated in a line-looking peddler car next to his new model Iroin, this young boy's eyes are wide with amazement of the sheer might of the American industrial machine. Little does he know thot in his greed, his parents could not afford to build a bomb shelter to protect the family from the Reds.

The world shall never be the same.



2002: Japanese Electronics Giont SONY Corp. announces the next generation of robotic companions, the Sony SDR-4X.

This child-sized robot is able to recognize 10 faces by memory, converse with a vocabulary of over 60,000 words, and dance along with music. Slotted to be available in time for the Christmas season and costing "as much as a luxury car," it's time to sell your ingrateful child and invest in some REAL entertainment!

The lulure is now.

## CONSUMER ALERT!

### DON'T GET CAUGHT DONATING MONEY TO THESE CHARITY SCAMS

IN THE PAST, MANY SO CALLED 'CHARITIES' HAVE ATTEMPTED to exploit the holiday cheer and generous spirit that people feel this time of the year. The TOIKE has compiled a blacklist of charities to watch out for this holiday season:

### Bridal Path Barricade Initiative

One of Toronto's most affluent neighborhoods, the Bridal Path is home to many important people and celebrities, as well as many anonymous rich people. Personalities such as The Artist Formerly Known As Prince and media mogul Conrad Black are known to call this copious neighborhood home. Bridal Path residents have started the BPBI in an attempt to raise enough money to erect a heavily fortified 20-foot brick wall around the five square kilometer area, to separate them from the surrounding peasants.

### Save the Seagulls

Recent studies have shown that seagulls are rapidly decreasing in numbers. This decrease is due partly to Darwinian effects as well as an increase in people putting pieces of glass inside chunks of bagels. They are facing extinction. Save the Seagulls hopes to earn enough money to open a seagull preservatory and initiate a breeding program. This is bullshit! The sooner seagulls are wiped from the face of the earth the better. People will be glad that they aren't getting shut on anymore.

### The Royal Crumpet Museum

The Queen of England is trying to raise money for a shrine devoted to preserving the great history of crumpets in England. Her Majesty wants to build a state of the art museum consecrating pieces of crumpet that weren't finished by famous guests at Buckingham Palace tea parties in the past. The museum will house left over crumpets from such personalities and historical figures as Lord Warburton, Baron Stratfordshire, the Earl of Westminster and Phillip Longshanks, to name but a few.

### The Stupid Idiot Foundation

Not to be confused with an organization concerned with helping the mentally or educationally impaired, the SIF's goal is to collect money for people who are stupid and/or idiots in the colloquial sense of the words. They say stupid things like "Eeeew, who farted?" and "Library" and they do idiot shit like walk into glass patio doors and piss on toilet seats. They don't need the public's money - they'd probably just waste it on dumb crap like fig newton's or balls of yarn or something...

### The First Art Gallery in Space

Artsy fartsies in France are trying to gather money to construct the first art gallery in space. Le Céleste, the company spearheading this campaign, says that the beauty of expression and the pinnacle of mankind's potential should be forever enshrined in space - as a beacon for extra-terrestrial visitors and as a testament to the brilliance of human creativity. The cost of this massive project is estimated at \$14 billion (USD) dollars. Le Céleste hopes to have the money raised by 2008.

### The Get Steve Laid Foundation

Steve Mills is having a hard time getting any action. Steve established the GSLF this past October with the goal of raising \$600 (CAD) to help him purchase some new designer clothes, a haircut, cologne, shampoo, deodorant, odor-eaters, foot powder, shoes, soap, tooth brush/paste, a cool necklace and a BMW key chain. The GSLF is aiming to reach its goal by the end of November.

### The George W. Bush Trampoline Fund

The leader of the Free World would like a trampoline for Christmas. He asked his dad to get him one, but he thinks it's too dangerous and said he'd have to consult with Barb. The George W. Bush Trampoline Fund was founded in October by the President himself, in the hopes that by December, enough money will be raised to purchase the trampoline all by himself. The GWBTF aims to raise \$500 (USD) by December 24<sup>th</sup>.

## Gift Certificate

Redeemable Anywhere, Any time

To: \_\_\_\_\_ From: \_\_\_\_\_

Value: **\$0** (ZERO DOLLARS) Date: DEC. 25, 2002

Authorized By: *Kia* N° 7864359

COURTESY OF THE TOIKE OIKE: MERRY CHRISTMAS, YOU GOOD-FOR-NOTHING RAT!

Though the holiday season is typically reserved for world peace and good will towards humanity, we realize sometimes revenge is a good thing. So, if you feel like spreading holiday dispirit, cut out this gift certificate (along the dotted lines) and give it to someone that you feel really, really deserves nothing.

## LOOKING FOR SOME ACTION THIS CHRISTMAS?

Join the Toike's Annual  
SANTA CLAUS  
ROOFTOP CHASE!

We're out to pinch his cool toys!  
Meet us on the UC roof,  
11:59 P.M. Christmas Eve

Hot Chocolate and Shotgun Provided.







## 24 - HOUR EMERGENCY DON

### TRANSCRIPTION OF RECORDED PHONE CONVERSATIONS 11/16/02.

"Twenty-Four Hour Emergency Don. How can I help you?"  
"Hi. I think my girlfriend is cheating on me. She's always telling me she's going to the gym late at night to work-out, but I know for a fact that she doesn't own any sneakers. How should I confront her?"  
"Well, have you considered the possibility at all that she might be a swimmer?"  
"Oh, yeah. Hey, that's great. That explains the chlorine smell. I feel a lot better. Thanks a lot."  
"No problem. But may I ask one question before you go - is her name Alice by any chance? Alice from Innis?"  
"Yeah, how did you know that?"  
"Just guessing."

### TRANSCRIPTION OF RECORDED PHONE CONVERSATIONS 11/17/02.

"Twenty-Four Hour Emergency Don. How can I help you?"  
"Hi, um, there's like a spider in my room and, like, it's really creepy..."  
"Ya, so I was wondering if you could, like, come over here and do something?"  
"You want me to come over there to kill a spider?"  
"No! Don't kill it...oh my god that's sooo mean. Just like move it...outside, or something."  
"Look, why don't you just kill it? Get a magazine, or some Kleenex and..."  
"Nooooo...that's like so..."  
"For fuck sakes! I'm not leaving this goddamn room to kill a fucking spider. Just kill it, or go fuck yourself!"

"Twenty-Four Hour Emergency Don. How can I help you?"  
"Yes, can I speak to your manager?"  
"Well, we don't really have a manager, but...well I can probably help you."  
"That will do, I suppose. The other day, I called to report an intrusion in my..."  
"Wait wait. What did you say? 'Intrusion'?"  
"Yes, an intr..."  
"Who the fuck are you, Frasier? 'Intrusion'. Heh, shut up with that shit. You had a 'break in' okay?"  
"Oh my! How dare you?"  
"Holy shit man! 'Oh my?' Jesus, you are a wuss. 'Oh my!' Hahaha. Who the fuck is this guy?"  
"Oh! Now you listen here you boorish animal. I was almost murdered!"  
"Whatever man. What happened, did he play you a horrible rendition of, like fuckin' Bach's symphony number four, or something. 'Oh my! Aaahahaha. Get the fuck outta here ya pussy.'"  
"You, sir, have made a powerful enemy...hello. Hello! Answer me..."

### TRANSCRIPTION OF RECORDED PHONE CONVERSATIONS 11/18/02.

"24-hour Emergency Don, how may I be of assistance?"  
"Hi pumpkin. Just wondering how my son is doing these days."  
"MOM? How did you get this number?"  
"I asked your best friend how I could reach you."  
"Mom, you can't do that anymore. I'm doing my Masters in philosophy and I'm an Emergency Don now. I'm all grown up."  
"Now now, honey, do you need any money? Why don't you bring your laundry home? Or at least that slut of a girlfriend I keep hearing about."  
"What? That's it. I'm hanging up, mother."  
"Don't you dare hang up on me, mister. You are treading on thin ice."  
"Too bad. And don't call again."  
"Sleep with one eye open."

### TRANSCRIPTION OF RECORDED PHONE CONVERSATIONS 11/19/02.

"24-hr Emergency Don, make it quick, the hockey game is on."  
"Excuse me? Isn't it your job to help the student body with their petty problems, 24/7?"  
"Yes it is, and let me tell you, it gets pretty grating after awhile. You have no idea how much you guys bitch about the stupidest shit."  
"I am affronted. I have a serious problem here, and you won't even listen to me!"  
"... (crowd noises in the background, sound of eating Doritos)"  
"Hello? See, you aren't even listening!"  
"...What? Oh yeah, that is a serious problem. I suggest you seek professional help. We aren't qualified to deal with that."  
"I didn't even tell you my problem yet!"  
"Look lady, you are wasting valuable campus resources here. Get to the point."  
"It's too late... forget it!"  
"What a nutcase... YEAH! TUCKER SCORED! WOOOO!"

(Heavy Italian accent) "24-hr Emergency Don, what is your name?"  
"Maria, I own a fruit stand, and every day my husband polishes an apple for you. Please, Don, help me."  
"God bless, Maria. It is a pleasure to hear from you. What can I do for your family?"  
"You see, my son, he is having trouble with the local bully."  
"I see. Tell me more."  
"He gets a good grades, he is a nice boy. You would be proud of him, Don."  
"Yes, yes. You require... justice. Where does this bully live?"  
"Ah, Don! I knew you would understand. My husband did not want to embarrass the family any more, and I knew I could trust you!"  
"Speak no more. Guido will talk to you about the details. In one week, your son will walk the streets with confidence."  
"Thank you, Don! Please, I will prepare a special meal for you this Sunday. We would be honoured to have you as our guest."  
"Graci, dear Maria."

## SCORCHIN' ELECTRONICS

"SO HOT, IT JUST FELL OUT OF A TRUCK!"

PDA's  
hot hot hot!

Laptops  
hot hot hot!

Calculators  
hot hot hot!



Televisions  
hot hot hot!  
Cell Phones  
hot hot hot!  
Stereos  
hot hot hot!

MEET US AT THE ALLEYWAY AROUND THE CORNER

## COME SEE THE AMAZING ZAVATINI!

Playing all this month in the bottom of his parent's basement in Scarborough.

See Zavatini saw a man in half and not put him back together again. Amazing!



NO RESERVATIONS REQUIRED

## MAGICIAN TAKES FUN AND MAGIC OUT OF ACT BY ACTUALLY SAWING HIS VOLUNTEERS IN HALF

Scarborough (TOIKE) - Zavatini III, self-declared magician extraordinaire, has lately taken all the fun and magic out of his act by beginning to actually saw his volunteers in half. The controversial magician, who has been in the magic business for 20 years, and comes from a long line of magician ancestors, feels that the tricks his parents used years before his time are no longer good enough for today's standards. "We have all

seen the magician who makes believe he is sawing someone in half," explains Zavatini, "but by sawing a person in half for real life, I make the trick much more unique and exciting." Though Zavatini's new trick does not seem to have a positive effect on his popularity thus far, Zavatini is confident that people will learn to appreciate the groundbreaking contributions he is making to the magic industry in due time. Zavatini

also brags about his exceptional ability to make his tricks more interesting by complementing them with witty dialogue. "One minute he is one," explains Zavatini, to an innocent crowd of children, as he lowers his clown saw above the body of a volunteer father, "the second he is two." Zavatini's show is currently playing in the basement of his parents' house in Scarborough and does not require any reservations.

## STUDENT VOLUNTEERS WANTED

### DO YOU EXPERIENCE:

- Getting wasted
- Not getting laid
- Irregular stool
- Trouble understanding your professor

If so, you may be eligible to participate in a study on the effects of excessive binge partying gone wrong. Horribly, horribly wrong.

Participants must be smokers, enrolled in 1st or 2nd year Arts and Science, and currently consuming considerable amounts of hallucinogenics, a combination of barbituates and wake-ups, and two-fours of Mike's Hard Lemonade (or other girly drinks).



Centre for Extensive  
Binge Partying Gone Wrong  
Centre Pour Le Party  
Devenue totalement Merde

Place to crash provided,  
24 hours a day. Detox available.  
Call (416) 353-1058 ext. 24



## FAST TRACKING TODDLER

Continued from Page 1

lady-killer, roommates of Littlefield bought him a fake I.D. and then snuck him into the Brass Rail for an evening of adult entertainment. "It was hilarious!" recalled Luis Fernandez, 19, one of Littlefield's friends. "We bought him a lap dance with this stripper named the Naughty Babysitter, and as soon as the song started he went straight for her chest! I guess he must've thought he could get some milk or something. The bouncers kicked us all out for violating the 'look, but don't touch' rule. It was jokes!"

Though a social success with most of his peers, Littlefield's young age has proven to be problematic in the classroom.

In last Tuesday's Solid Mixture Extraction CHM 13B lab, Littlefield's undeveloped motor-skills caused a disaster involving a dangerous chemical.

Laura Dern, the lab coordinator lamented, "If Jonathan had read the MSDS sheets as required for lab preparation, he would have known that di-ethyl ether is an anesthetic administered by inhalation and that because of its muscle relaxant properties and neuro-toxicity, its handling requires extreme caution. Well, our lab was able to learn first hand why the medical community stopped using ether by the 1800's after Jonathan's pudgy fingers knocked 18 test-tubes onto the floor."

"...all we received was a page of incoherent babbling, colourful scribbling, and a drawing of his mom."

The class was cancelled after several of the hallucinating lab-students lost feeling in their limbs and began keeling over. Embarrassed by his actions, Littlefield fled the class, and was later located in the adjacent laboratory, sitting in a very expensive analytical balance, chewing on a piece of



ABOVE: Littlefield having the time of his life at the Brass Rail on Yonge Street.

lead. "It just never ends with him," said the annoyed Dern, "lead is a designated hazardous substance according to the Ontario Occupational Health and Safety Act. We could get shut down for infractions like this."

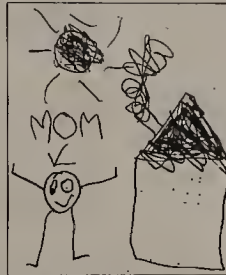
Classmate Derek Bradley had this to say about Littlefield's classroom antics: "I thought he was kind of funny at first, like the time I caught him trying to drink hydrochloric acid out of the chemical vat. But now I'm not sure if he's joking around, or if he's just plain reckless. Talk about the terrible twos."

According to sources, none of Littlefield's professors are pleased with the boy's scholastic performance thus far.

"The tot shows little interest in his studies," alleges Robert Bertman, his Anthropology professor. "I found his last essay to be quite inadequate, and he does not develop his arguments well enough. The essay question was about the synergism of malnutrition and infection in child health, and all we received was a page of incoherent babbling, colourful scribbling, and a drawing of his mom, who evidently does not have a body, or hands. Perhaps he should enrol in our Fine Arts

program," remarked the disappointed professor, half-jokingly.

However, due to the bell curve, Littlefield is currently getting a 71% in ANT100.



ABOVE: A Portion of Littlefield's Midterm

Students interested in meeting the remarkable Jonathan Littlefield should attend the men's Varsity Blues football game this weekend, where they plan on shooting the boy out of a cannon for the half time ceremonies.

## GIRL BREAKS UP WITH BOYFRIEND USING EMOTICONS

UOFT (TOIKE)--AN MSN MESSENGER conversation, between couple of eight weeks Samantha Spears, 22, and Mathew Juliard, 26, ended tragically last Sunday evening when 4 emoticons were used sharply to convey the fact that the relationship was over.

The troubled couple had recently been facing some problems and the two-hour text-messaging conversation was an attempt to resolve their differences. However, Spears eventually decided that no good would come of their continued contact and decided to break the news to her now ex-boyfriend, Juliard, through the use of a cartoon boy, an addition sign, a cartoon girl, an equal sign, and a cartoon thumbs down. Ex-boyfriend Juliard was momentarily dazed by the line of textual graphics and after collecting himself he hurriedly sent Spears a cartoon image of a broken heart and a round circular face with tears flowing furiously out of its eyes. "I simply could not have better described the way I felt without those two powerful emoticons," said the teary-eyed, heartbroken Juliard, "the way she made me feel was to horrid for words

alone." Added Juliard: "Only MSN's dependable emoticons were able to accurately depict my sorrow." Juliard attempted to change Spear's decision regarding the break-up by sending her a cartoon rose, but at

that point Spears had already logged off the instant-communication device. Juliard then made repeat phone calls to her house which produced busy signals, and revealed that she might have still been online.

no I DO understand it's just that I don't want to lose you so badly it makes me act in ways I regret

foxygirl2002 says

NO you don't understand ME!!! it's me you don't...you just don't get it!

djlove says

tell me what I have to do I want to make this work! Please...

foxygirl2002 says

you know what?

foxygirl2002 says

\* + \* = \*

djlove says:

NO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

\* The following message could not be delivered to all recipients

NO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Block Font Emoticons

Send

Last message received on 22/11/2002 at 8:03 PM

ABOVE: A portion of the Emoticon Break-Up

## JINGLE BELL, JINGLE BELL, JINGLE BELL COCK!

PUTTING THE "HO" BACK IN HOLIDAY WITH CONDOM STOCKING STUFFERS

THE HOLIDAY SEASON IS UPON us and with it a multitude of questions of what to get your loved ones for the Christmas season. Being students often means that what we want to buy and what we can afford are two separate things—but not this year my friends! I implore all of you to make a list, check it twice and then head out to a condom store to figure out who's been naughty and who's been nice. Because nothing says: I'm thinking of you, like condoms. Call them Catchers of Love Juice, a Yogurt Container or even a Milk-Bag, but condoms are all the rage this Holiday Season. And they're fun for the whole family!

What can my 6-year old brother, Timmy, do with condoms?

One word: Spit. Get your little brother to unravel these Badboys and just spit in it. When he's exhausted the whole box with his throat snot, tell him to hang these plastic tubes of love on doorknobs, grocery produce sections, residence shower stalls, and seats at Roberts Library. Then join Timmy in watching people recoil in horror at finding these goo-filled condoms. When you are embraced by the trembling arms of a laughing lad, you will know that the spirit of the Holiday season was brought to you by prophylactics.

But what about mom and dad? Surely, they don't need condoms.

Of course, they don't. Everyone knows your parents don't do it. They only did it those 2 times to get you and your little brother. However, parents have a sense of humour and will be so impressed that you think that they are young enough to actually do it, that they will give you money for whatever you want. Never underestimate the value of flattering your folks.

And what about Grandma and Grandpa? Would they give me money too, for giving them condoms?

Don't be stupid. Grandparents don't have genitals. And without genitals no one can have a sense of humour. Don't even tell them that they're condoms. Tell them they're New Age Christmas ornaments. Since everyone agrees that stringing together popcorn is so played out, get them to strung condoms on the tree and have

yourself the best family photo of the year.

But what about that Prof whose changed your academic perspective...could you, should you, dare you—give him a box of Jimmies?

Although, the prudes among you might think that a basket of Raincoats for your professor would be uncouth, all I have to say to you nay-sayers is this: stop being such a fucking virgin!

Think about it. Your Professor has been faithfully screwing you for the entire term. If anything, it will be the most artistically ironic gift that he'll ever have received.

How about my friends... would they think I was being cheap?

Probably, but that's why they're your friends. If anything they'll be pissed off that they didn't think of it first—take it from me: friends can be competitive. When your friend opens up his gift and sees a pile of loose Wood Covers there, he'll probably call you a "cheap asshole." Immediately counter that claim with: "Dude, it's so obvious to me that you're a Mack-Daddy." Sure it's bullshit. But if he's really your friend, you should be able to manipulate his weaknesses for your own gain.

Now, the big question: Where to get condoms at a reasonable price?

Youth Clinics are the only way to go on this one, kids. Why? Because it's FREE! And nothing is more affordable than free.

All you have to do is show up at a Clinic wearing your buddy's York University sweatshirt and begin to furiously rub your crotch in an irregular manner while you plead for an Emergency Appointment. The nurse will be so disgusted at your lack of discretion that she'll immediately run to see if a room is open in the back. Upon her departure, make your way past the all the other patients and greedily fill your knapsack, pockets and socks with condoms.

And hey, don't be a Scrooge and horde all the Love Gloves for yourself...you're at U of T, dude—nobody here ever gets laid.

The Chug

"That same night, I took one bite and I started to choke and I felt like I couldn't breathe. I tried to grab my beer to cool down and he took it away and said 'Are you serious? Man, what a sissy, that's nothing!' He's such a dick. We'll see if he ever gets his playstation controller back - probably not."

McShane and Saunders haven't spoken since that night. Ed Strachan, longtime teammate on the Leaside Highschool Bocci Ball team, has also had enough of Saunders' spicy-food haunting.

"He's always saying shit like 'You call that hot?' and 'Man, this isn't hot enough.' He's such an idiot. Okay, we get it! You're a tough guy. Real big shot. How 'bout I take a steaming hot shit on your face! What do you say about that, Prime Time?"

When asked about the explicit advertisement of his preference for throat-wetly hot foods, he only replied, "What can I say? I just like hot food."

## HOT SAUCE

continued from page 1

For years, Saunders has jumped at every opportunity to eat hot/spicy foods in front of his friends.

"Try and order some honey-garlic wings with [Saunders] around. He won't have it," said Jim McShane, friend and co-worker of Saunders at a local Shoppers Drug Mart. "One time, I asked the waitress for honey garlic and he called me a pussy, right in front of her, and ordered extra-hot. For about five minutes he just sat there looking at me contemptuously out of the corner of his eye."

In the past, Saunders' reckless use of hot condiments has caused serious harm to his friends. McShane was hospitalized for two weeks with a swollen esophagus after an incident that happened that night.



# Toike Comics

"Hate You" will be returning next month. Stay tuned!

## Adventurer's Mark

By Kevin Au  
For past episodes and detailed analysis:  
<http://individual.utoronto.ca/kev>

SO, BOSS, I TIED UP MARKHAM LIKE YOU SAID...

AYE, WE STAND TO MAKE A PRETTY PENNY FOR HIS HELMET. OUR EMPLOYER SHALL BE HERE IN A FORTNIGHT.

MEANWHILE, OFF IN THE BRUSH...

WHY DON'T WE DISPATCH HIM AND TAKE THE BUSTED HELMET?

FOOL! I AM IN CHARGE. FOR FULL PAYMENT HE MUST STAY ALIVE.

BY THE POWER INVESTED IN ME, BY THE LORD OF MARKHAM...

... I AM HEREBY CHARGED TO SUCOR MY LIEGE WITH VEHEMENT FORCE.

WHAT PILE INTEGRITY!

HARK! I HEARD A NOISE.

GIWAHRRK! EGADS! STEADY YOURSELF!

CRACK!

SPED!

GUAAH! RUN, BOSS!

HOLD THE REAR!

GRULK!

YOU'VE WON THIS BOUT, PERSANT. LEST YE FORGET, SHROPSHIRE IS ABOUT TO FALL! WE SHALL CROSS SWORDS ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE!

SUPERLATIVE EFFORT, OLD CHAP. YOU SURE WORSTED THOSE GLIB TROUBLEMAKERS! SHALL WE PROCEED TO LIFT THE SIEGE OF SHROPSHIRE?

CERTAINLY. THERE IS A THERMOS OF EARL GREY IN THE BENTLEY AS WELL.

THE SAGA CONTINUES...

### Quid Pro Quo

By Vlademir the Pump  
Festivus  
Christus-massal!

(Merrrry Christmas!)

Quid agis hoc mone?

(How are you doing this morning?)

Crapulam terriblem habeo!

(I have a terrible hangover!)

Re vera potas bene antehoc nox... in vtro verbis

(You sure did drink a lot last night ... there is truth in wine)

Oho! Tu promitto hoc non fio natus inter nos!

(Hey! You promised things wouldn't get weird between us!)

Previously, in ...

# TRANSFORMERS

PEOPLE PRETENDING TO BE ROBOTS IN DISGUISE

... the Humabot base was razed to the ground by Teratron while Optimus could do nothing but wait.

by Alxman

DAMN YOU, TERATRON... DAMN YOU...

OPTIMUS! OVER HERE!!

SHE'S STILL FUNCTIONAL!

CAN YOU TRANSFORM?

I... I'LL TRY...

CRACK! CHOO-CH CHOO-CH CHOO-CH SNAP.

GOOD, THE DAMAGE WAS NOT TOO SEVERE.

NO! WHERE IS HE?!...??

RUN! OPTIMUS?

... I SEE ...

... OPTIMUS... I KNOW TERATRON'S PLANS... HE -

IT'S OKAY. REST FOR NOW. TELL US LATER

LET'S TRANSFORM AND ROLL OUT...

... TERATRON, SINE WAVE REPORTING...

to be continued ...



# Horoscopes

## Aries (March 21 - April 19)

Watch what you eat. Your love of mutton will eventually make you fat and weak, and subsequently more vulnerable to the daggers of local peasantry.

## Taurus (April 20 - May 20)

Don't worry, your recurring dream of a shirtless Russian beckoning you with crème-filled pastries is merely a symptom of your repressed rage.

## Gemini (May 21 - June 21)

You will be happily surprised to find that the barrel of brandy that you ordered contains the preserved body of a 16th century English Lord.

## Cancer (June 22 - July 22)

Your frequent dimensional shifting is both taxing to your mind and spirit. Better stop now, lest the council lambaste you for heresy.

## Leo (July 23 - August 22)

As hard as you'd like to pretend, there is no patron saint of genital reconstruction.

## Virgo (August 23 - September 22)

Twice now your enjoyable nightly jaunts have ended in your physical form disintegrating and exploding outwards in a nimbus of white light. Though you thoroughly relish in the transcendental experience, you do not enjoy the anus-searing diarrhoea that results soon afterwards.

This horoscope is brought to you by  
Hector Gonzalez, Advisor of the Stars.

## Libra (September 23 - October 22)

You realize that last night's partying got out of hand when you wake up wandering the streets of Tangiers.

## Scorpio (October 23 - November 21)

No matter what you say, breaking into people's homes and fondling yourself in their shower stalls does not constitute a proper career path. Even if you are wearing the top hat you stole from your grandfather!

## Sagittarius (November 22 - December 21)

The watering trough outside the saloon is always a good place to take cover in the middle of a gunfight. It may be a bit degrading and smell like horse, but it's better than being shot by those uncouth Bannock boys!

## Capricorn (December 22 - January 19)

As you watch your rattan hut being swept away by the monsoon, you begin to reevaluate the importance of sound engineering.

## Aquarius (January 20 - February 18)

Your goal of slipping an oak truncheon past Chuck E. Cheese door security will prove easier than you'd ever have thought.

## Pisces (February 19 - March 20)

People generally disagree with you when you say that life is good, but they don't know about the magical lion that takes you away at night.

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## FLU SHOT: COMING THIS JANUARY TO CBC

8 Contestants are chosen to live in a crowded dormitory during the winter months of January and February where an airborne flu virus runs rampant and is biochemically altered each week to cause increasingly more severe side effects. Every week one contestant must leave the dormitory, debilitated to the brink of death, while those remaining are administered the antiviral and continue to compete for the final prize: A full scholarship to any University in Canada and a bottle of extra strength Tylenol Flu.

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## HELP WANTED

**ANGELIC** voiced strumpet needed to serenade me whilst I bathe. Call the Duke of Hartfordshire. 905-555-2456

**ATTENTION**, Able-bodied farmers and merchants req'd to stage revolt. We supply vodka, bread and rifles. Must have heavy coat and be able to endure harsh Soviet winter. Call Ivan, 793-555-4357.

**FAMILY** needed to eat christmas dinner with. Gravy and decent mashed potatoes a must. Cook must have 10+ yrs exp. w/ preparing Christmas feasts. Call Bill 905-555-0958

**HEALTH**/vegetarian food store req's f/t counter help. Frail and brittle applicants only. Call Stacy 416-555-5979

**NEEDED** Twenty-five sharp blows to the back of my head with a ball-peen hammer. Must provide hammer and vacant community centre parking lot. Sherm 905-555-2422

**NEPALESE** panther needed to eviscerate potential usurpers, stroke contemptively while I recline in my throne, and to sniff out poison in my evening meals. Must be purebred and from previous royal bloodline. Call Abdul at 416-555-5656

**NIGHT** watchmen wanted for perimeter patrol at old manor next to old graveyard. Spooooooky. Call Kent, 416-555-3845

**OPEN-MINDED** individuals needed for weekend of debauchery and sensual pleasure on remote Pacific Island. Call Enrique 416-555-3084

**SKILLED** "massage therapists" req'd for dwntwn massage parlour. We are HANDing out JOBS to exp applicants only. Call Rico @ 416-555-0914

**TOILERS** needed for drudgery in Austrian dungeon. Call Wilhelm, 5853-3657-457.

**TOUGH** dudes, skilled in martial arts/street fighting, needed for underground bloodsport ring. Meet in emptied swimming pool, 354 Tresdale Ave, 11 pm. Call John, 416-555-9078

**VIGILANT** men needed for crusade to the Promised Land! Hatred for Saracen foes and burning religious zeal a must. Contact: Picus XVII, at +866 3454 776586

**WOMAN** needed. I'll make you my wife. You'll spend the rest of your days trying to make me forget all those years on the cold violent seas. Call Sam, 416-555-9897

## MERCH FOR SALE

**BIONIC** arm. Capable of throwing a man 50 feet! Better, stronger, faster than a real arm. Call Lee 905-555-9806

**FOR SALE** board w/ nail through it. Oak, 6.5 x 20". \$85 obo. Call Jake 416-555-3473

**GUILLOTINE**, 350 + decapitations, some staining, good release. Six hundred roubles. Will consider trade (livestock). Call Rob 416-555-3799

**JAR** full of bad breath. 1.5 litres. \$20 obo. Call Steve 416-555-3987

**KLINGON** dictionary. 4th ed. Some pages stuck together - no illustrations. Hab SoSII' QuchCall, hahahahaha! Call Stan, 416-555-3476. Qapla'.

**POISON** tipped blow darts. Set of 8. 1/2 inch, bamboo - poisoned w/ mixture of rare Bolivian herbs - no known antidote. Call Ric 416-555-3247

## MERCH WANTED

**BIRD** shit umbrella. I'm through being scared to leave my house. Call Ned, 416-555-6054

HOW IS MY DRIVING?  
e-mail: [toike@skule.ca](mailto:toike@skule.ca)

Past Issues, Current Issues,  
& Futuristic Issues are available  
at home, sweet home...

<http://toike.skule.ca>

**NEEDED** two 4 oz. vials of snake venom from Persian Sand Viper. I am very ill. Hurry. Ahmed 416-555-3478

## SHARED ACCOMODATION

**ROOMMATE** needed. To gaze upon me would be to go mad. Contact Archie 416-555-2485

**SINGLE** male, 29 yrs, seeks roommate. I am totally detached from reality. Call Hercules of the NGC 1275 (3C84) Galaxy, 416-555-2356

## CONNECTIONS

**PRISON** pen pal (or maybe more?) wanted. I'm 35, male, 195 lbs, blonde, green eyes. I like sodomy, lifting weights, cafeteria brawls, scratching stuff on the wall of my cell and long walks in the recreation yard. I get out in 2009. Interested? Write Jake Sully, #62183, Jackson Penitentiary, Howesville, ON, H2G 4G6.

WANT TO PLACE AN AD?  
**GO FUCK YOURSELF.**



# Toike at the Movies

A REVIEW OF DIE ANOTHER DAY

by Randy Cabbage



Above: James Bond points his gun at a bad guy and says: "Well, should we shoot now, or shoot later?"

(Warning: Our movie reviews give away critical plot information, including surprise twists. May also contain some minor factual errors.)

*Die Another Day* is the new action adventure film that every reasonable person will like because it has cool music and a lot of ass-grabbing suspense.

Just in case you are not familiar with the 007 series, James Bond is a character that likes to drink martinis and take down bad guys, while at the same time getting himself into a whole lot of ass-grabbing trouble.

At the start of the film, we see Bond (Pierce Brosnan) trying to infiltrate a gang of North Korean bad guys who have joined forces with the Nazis. Bond shows up to a meeting and brings with him some diamonds in a suitcase and hides some explosives underneath. As soon as one of the North Korean bad guys, Zao (Rick Yune), recognizes that Bond is a secret agent — probably because he has seen *Tomorrow Never Dies* on DVD — he takes a huge gun and blows up Bond's jumbo-jet. Bond retaliates by setting off the dynamite in the suitcase, and pieces of diamond blow up all over Zao's face and get permanently lodged into his skin. From then on, Zao is referred to as Diamond Face Man.

Bond then steals a gun and starts shooting all the bad guys as he escapes onto a hover-boat. Diamond Face Man hops onto his own boat, to chase after Bond,

**James Bond is a character that likes to drink martinis and take down bad guys, while at the same time getting himself into a whole lot of ass-grabbing trouble.**

and the two begin a battle of bumper-hover-boat-with-guns.

The star of the film, Pierce Brosnan (James Bond), has done this role before and he is gifted at playing the character subtly and not reducing him to droll caricature. When bullets whiz by the right side of his face, Brosnan reacts delicately with a face that says "There it goes," and when bullets whiz by the left side of his face, he reacts gracefully with a face that says "Take a look at that one."

Unfortunately for Bond, he runs out of bullets and has to surrender to the North Koreans. The bad guys place him in jail for a period of 14 months, where he stops bathing, grows a really long beard, and develops a relationship with a volleyball named Wilson (as one critic described his appearance, "he looks very similar to Tom Hanks from the movie *Beach Volleyball Champion 2000*"). Finally, the North Koreans release Bond back to the Brits, because they are disgusted by his poor hygiene.

When Bond returns to his secret agency, he finds out that Diamond Face Man is currently in Havana seeking medical assistance to have the diamonds removed from his face. So Bond heads out to find him, but before he does, he decides to get rid of all the stress he built up from being in jail for 14 months by seducing an attractive woman at the beach named Jinx (Halle Berry). In a steamy scene full of double entendres, the two make love and eat mini-watermelons at the same time.

The story progresses and we are introduced to another bad guy who's named Machine Man, because he doesn't get any sleep. Bond decides he needs more cool weapons to continue with his assignment and he visits Q (John Cleese) to get a souped-up Aston-Martin-with-guns that can become invisible with the click of a button. While visiting Q, Bond makes sure to press every button on every one of Q's gadgets and causes a lot of amusing explosions.

In a dynamic scene, Bond drives the invisible Aston Martin through Machine Man's ice-fortress of solitude and manages to blow everything up that he possibly can. There is a gripping moment though, when Machine Man (Toby Stephens) sets his outer-space laser-beam directly at Bond's car and Bond has to drive off an iceberg's cliff and jump out the front



Above: Bumper-Hover-Boat-With-Guns

window to fandangle the parachute out of the trunk just before the laser gets him.

In another grab-your-ass sequence, Bond sneaks his way onto Machine Man's plane and has a perfect opportunity to shoot him in the face, but decides instead to blow up a portion of the side of the plane so he can physically throw the bad guy out, and have him get garishly killed by the propellers.

Director Lee Tamahori does a great job with *Die Another Day* and the film's action sequences are astonishing throughout. As one filmgoer aptly put it, "I especially liked the part where it was all cool and unrealistic and he didn't die."



*Die Another Day* receives 7 cabbages on the vegetable scale and is currently playing at all major theatres that can handle it. Rated double A for Action.

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Fisher-Price

ALEXANDER KELLER  
HERE INDIA PALE ALE

**Those who hate  
it, really fucking  
hate it!**

1. But those who like it, like it a lot.

## GRAD STUDENT LAND

BY CHRISTOPHER THOMAS

